friend's house, on a large estate purchased by a Frenchman; the mansion-house of mud walls, thatched and divided into three rooms*

February 20th, 1803.

The dry weather has set in, and the climate is charming. Light clear air and coolness morning and evening, and pure sun in the middle of the day; but the change is trying to many constitutions. There are two men-of-war coming through the Bocas, which are supposed to bring Commodore Hood, the third *rex Brentfordice*—so we shall have more firing and feasting.

Three days ago I rode up one of our largest valleys to look at some estates on sale, and was out all the morning, walking among canes, coffee and cocoa trees, looking at the Spaniards fishing in the river, and gathering flowers for my painting, without feeling more inconvenience than on a fine summer's morning in England. Every hour came a small sprinkling from a mountain cloud, which refreshed everything.

We then adjourned with a couple of

friends
to my new stable at St. Juan, not yet
inhabited